

## **kiss, cry, call by project\_fisch**

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**Summary:**

steve didn't feel good.

## kiss, cry, call

### Author's Note:

lowercase fic

steve didn't feel good

he was sitting in his room, at 1 am, not doing anything. nothing but fucking crying *hard* like a bitch.

he hasn't cried like this is so damn long, so long that only now he realized he had so many things to cry about.

the main reason why he was crying, had been eating at him for too long and now, still without a solution, had resorted to locking himself in his room. crying.

there had been a new guy in town and *fuck* if he wasn't a golden adonis in this isolated dump of a town.

they had gotten along, gotten closer, as *friends* do.

they hung out with each other, made jokes with each other, ran from the police with each other, laughed with each other.

in the midst of this past year full of the paranormal, supernatural, a trashed record and a shitty love - billy had made him feel happier than ever.

but then, they had kissed, made out and steve was just *gone*.

it was a sweet moment, by the quarry, smoking marlboro reds, drinking cold beers, sitting on the roof of billy's camaro.

just talking, just being *them*, just being carefree. just then the world had stopped when they kissed.

*billy turned to steve, let out a light chuckle and closed his eyes for a second. it left steve puzzled and looked at billy, confused.*

*smiling softly, eyes telling a different story, hand gently going to hold steve's jaw. his thumb swiping over steve's cheek momentarily.*

*the other was met with a low whisper of, "fuck it," and then billy's lips were on his - not rough but not soft either, firm.*

*it was warm and steve just melted into it, felt gooey at once. he angled his head better - to make sure - then brought an arm to the back of billy's neck to bring them closer.*

*their movement was slow but their passion was heavy, like they'd been aching for this, yearning for this, like they needed it.*

*steve had, distantly, always in the furthest corner of his mind, had their been the thought, dream even, of kissing billy hargrove.*

*just like this, so sweetly like now.*

*steve didn't want this moment to end. he wished he could stay like this forever, didn't have to think about anything or worry about anything. he wanted to stay in a suspended loop of «billy, billy, billy. kissing billy. just billy.»*

*but all good things come to an end.*

*they broke apart and fuck, steve wanted to do it again but then it hit him and fucking hard. he didn't kiss him again.*

*here he was just crying.*

*it definitely seemed stupid, to be crying over a kiss that he enjoyed.*

*he couldn't, he shouldn't have.*

*he shouldn't have enjoyed it.*

*he shouldn't want to kiss billy again.*

*he shouldn't feel like giddy around billy.*

*he shouldn't want to kiss guys.*

he *shouldn't* want billy.

he *shouldn't* like billy.

yet he did.

he *did* enjoy it.

he *did* want to kiss billy again.

he *did* feel giddy around billy.

he *did* want to kiss guys.

he *did* want billy.

he *did* like billy.

still, he felt so... disgusted.

and it was *nothing* to do with billy. he was just *amazing* undeserving of blame.

it was all to do with himself.

he'd known he liked guys *and* girls since forever. it had always been there, he dreaded that it always would be.

he thought it would be fine. he thought that if he told himself he only liked girls, he could will it away. he thought that if he only dated girls, he would forget about it. he kept his crushes on guys to himself, he would keep anything from happening. he thought that if he never acted on anything, he could be at peace. he thought, that he would never get to the point of kissing guys.

he thought that he would never get to the point of *really* loving a guy.

he did though. even then he still felt like everything could come crashing down.

he had built a stand for himself. one where he was perfect. one where he had believed that what he felt was wrong and unnatural. one where he had twisted his perception of so badly. one where he had *almost* made himself believe he was straight. one where when the stand was tested it could blow down, *entirely*.

he got wrapped up in his own thoughts.

why did he make himself have to live in fear of his identity? why did he make himself see his identity as unnatural? why did he have to make himself feel ever so disgusting? why did he have to make himself feel like a pervert? why did he have to make himself feel wrong?

he wasn't going to blame billy for all he thought and felt.

blame or not, kisses worked both ways, with an intention behind said action.

if the pedestal was going to collapse after all, why not see it through? why not try and let go of all this self hatred.

with a sound attempt to catch his breath, steady his crying into sobs, steve reached for his phone on his bedside table.

he still felt drenched in all this feel of *wrong* that he wanted to go away. he still knew how he felt but never chanced how the other felt.

he was gambling at the moment, not just on the topic of interest, but at the fact that billy was even awake.

steve called him.

the phone rung. then rung again.

"hey steve," a slightly raspy night time voice said. one that belonged to billy.

"hey billy," steve replied, voice scratchy and raw from crying. "can—" he paused, thinking if he should really do this, "can we talk for a bit?"

“yeah, sure what’d you need to say?”

**Author's Note:**

i hope you enjoyed/felt emotions :)